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Special Parody Issue!

Suffolk Journal

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY, BOSTON, MASS. (April 1973)

WATERCLOSET SCANDAL LINKED TO ADMINISTRATION

by Jack Anderswine
It was revealed today that several high-ranking members of the Suffolk University administration, and possibly President Fulham, have been involved in espionage against the Student Government Association.

Reliable sources have alleged that G. Gordon Sullivan, Dean of Students, E. Howard Peterson, Director of Student Activities, and four members of the Board of Trustees broke into the offices of the SGA located in the Ridgeway Watercloset complex on the night of April 1, 1973.

The motive for the break-in was apparently to abort SGA's attempts at formulating a faculty evaluation. When reached for comment, G. Gordon Sullivan claimed no knowledge whatever of any attempt to subvert any SGA function or plan.

As he spoke, Michael Mitchell Ronayne was seen scurrying in and out of Sullivan's office carrying arm loads of devices that looked like telephone tapping equipment, and microfilm cameras. Ronayne grinned weakly when he was noticed and said, "Just cleaning up a bit, so why not ignore me like everyone else does."

The four trustees, all members of a radical Catholic

splinter group, refused to comment on the issue. Louis "Ziggy" Conelly issued a statement to the press which stated that all four Trustees, as well as Sullivan and Peterson were attending Holy Mass at the time the break-in took place.

During "Ziggy" Conelly's



Michael Mitchell Ronayne

statement all four Trustees huddled at the back of the room with rosary beads in their hands. One of them was overheard to say, "I think it's time to call Rome for help."

Shortly after the news of the break-in spread around the Suffolk campus, President Fulham, flanked by Francis X. Lanneman and Michael "Mitchel" Ronayne, strode out of his office to confront the gathered students and press. He went to the lobby of the

Doranahue building and stood in front of the Ram on the lobby wall. He then proceeded to proclaim his love for Suffolk and its students.

Shedding what oneirate student described as "crocodile tears," Fulham went on to say that he was innocent of any and all charges. When a student asked him to swear his innocence, a Bible Fulham said something about going to the bathroom, and disappeared.

is the rumors spread like wildfire. Mary Mitchell Heffron called the Journal editorial rooms from the phone in her office in a voice that was barely audible. Heffron labeled all the other members of Suffolk's administration guilty of any thing and everything that they were charged with. She added that she was a "political prisoner" at the mercy of her husband, the dapper Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Sciences, Journalism, and Espionage.

When reached for comment, Kenneth Kennedy Larsen stated that "we've got them red handed this time. They won't get out of this one without some deep scars." Larsen also gave his sincere thanks to Ivan Banks, the Head of Main Tenance, and three of his staff for apprehending the members of the break-in team.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH CAPTOR

Ivan Banks, Suffolk's latest in a long line of unbrag heros, gave an exclusive interview to the Journal today in the wake of the Watercloset Affair. Banks and four of his janitors were responsible for the apprehension of G. Gordon Sullivan, E. Howard Peterson, and four members of the Board of Trustees.

"I was only doing my job," was the first remark uttered by the most humble man. He went on to say that the discovery of the SGA office break-in was purely accidental. He took no credit for the capture of the four-wily crooks.

Sitting in the basement of the Doranahue building, surrounded by all of the things he loves so



One of the 4 members of the Board of Trustees espionage team being escorted from the Ridgeway Watercloset Complex.

Fulham Denies All Charges in Tearjerking Speech

While the Watercloset Controversy raged all around him today, Suffolk President Thomas A. Fulham took time out to feed and care for the welfare of his beloved fish.

He was caught in his office by an alert Journal reporter as he sprinkled fish food into the huge, fifty gallon fish tank. Fulham explained later that unless his fishies receive at least one hour of loving care each day they get all bent out of shape.

When asked about his alleged involvement in the Watercloset Affair, Fulham pried himself away from the fish and replied, "I know nothing, nothing."

Later, Fulham gave a speech in the auditorium to members of the press as well as a student-packed house. As the auditorium rapidly filled to capacity, Fulham was seen pacing back and forth backstage muttering, "If I get caught, they all get caught." As the cur tap slowly opened, it revealed Fulham seated behind a desk with a picture of Gleason L. Archer on one hand and a stuffed ram's head on the other. A partial text of the speech follows.

"Greetings, my fellow members of the Suffolk com-

munity. I am speaking before you today to defend myself and my administration against very serious allegations leveled at us by disloyal members of our Suffolk family.

"These people have accused me and my friends of committing crimes against the sacred honor of both my office and this most noble school. This type of thing is, as my buddy Mitch Ronayne put it, 'the height of bushness.'"

"There is a sign on my office desk that reads 'The buck passes here.' That, my friends, is my motto. I may get stuck with the blame, but I sure as hell won't accept the responsibility."

"I love Suffolk, and you always hurt the one you love. And I love you, people of Suffolk. I could kiss each and every one of you. My cup runneth over with joy each morning when I enter these hallowed halls to begin another day of conducting business."

"Thank you for your time. I know you'll rally behind me and Gleason here, and the ram, and the fish, and everything else that makes Suffolk such a great place to receive an education."



Dean G. Gordon Sullivan wearing disguise that allowed him entry to Watercloset Complex undetected.

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NEWS NOTES

Board of Trustees Lashes Out at Ike for U-2 Fiasco

In a press release issued just prior to publication, Suffolk's Board of Trustees assailed President Dwight D. Eisenhower's handling of the U-2 affair. In a letter addressed

to the White House, the board labeled Eisenhower "a relic of World War II and not fit to serve as president during the cold war period."

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Quivering with rage, Judge John E. Fenton stated that Eisenhower's handling of them entire affair was "a national disgrace."

A flustered Journal reporter tried to remind the board that it was 1973 and that President Eisenhower was dead but the board, believing that the reporter was a girl because of his long hair, ushered him out of the room advising him to lay low because young ladies were not allowed to wear pants on campus.

After a short "Genitol Hour," the board ended their monthly meeting and returned to their rooms at the New England Rehabilitation Center for the Hopelessly Senile.



Suffolk Choral Society

Student Attendance at Activities Soars to Record High

The big question of the year at Suffolk is why students have suddenly become involved in the extracurricular activities sponsored by the SGA and various clubs. Usually, very students are found at these interesting events, but lately, a significant upswing in student attendance has been noticed.

What could the reason be? Perhaps it's the stimulating and interesting type of speakers that have been presented throughout the year. Speakers such as Arthur Godfrey on drug abuse in the emerging nations in Africa, Ann Landers on the dangers of

having sex in front of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Rex Trailer on the Pablo Picasso incident, and the ever popular Orsen Bean on the effects of linguini with clam sauce on the Malaysian digestive system.

One popular activity with students is the Suffolk Choral Society, pictured above. This brand new group in its first year of operation, attracted every musically minded and culturally oriented student at Suffolk. Choral Director Thomas was amazed at the large turnout.

PILE-DRIVER

In a strongly worded statement today, Suffolk University's Dean of Students D. Bradley Sullivan adamantly denied ever having taken part in the X-rated film "Pile Driver." Stating that he was horrified at the rumor, he said, "I would never allow my body to be used for such a foul, despicable endeavor, especially since I wasn't paid for it." The dean went on to say that sex belongs in the bedroom and nowhere else. Allegedly "Pile Driver" was filmed aboard Sullivan's yacht, the "Tippy-Canoe."

When reached for comment, his wife, "Lucille," stated that "Bradie would never do such a thing." He's got too much class." She then proceeded to hand out form denials that said:

I, the undersigned, Lucille Sullivan hereby categorically deny the alleged involvement of my husband, Bradley, in activities, circled below: a) embezzlement, b) counterfeiting, c) working for Vincent Big Vinny Theressa, d) taking part in pornographic, e) impersonating a dean at Suffolk University.



Suffolk Senior Weekend Prom Queen Wendell Gillis in a reflective moment between dances. A proud Dean Sullivan announced "This is another Suffolk first in higher education, again we take the lead." However the Dean declined taking the last dance with Wendell.

The Junior Senior week was held in Spurrer's, a plush Cambridge street nightspot.

Wendell told the Journal, "It was only a matter of time, after all, we live in an era of David Bowie and Lou Reed."

Less charitable was Registrar Mary Heffron, who told newsmen, "If you ask me, he's a flaming fruit. He belongs at Emerson College."



BEFORE

AFTER

"I got my head together with Registrar Hair Tint!" Mary Heffron, Woonsocket, R.I.

THE TRUTH IS EXPOSED!

For most of the second semester the Journal devoted a great deal of space to the faculty evaluation proposed by SGA. The evaluation, as we reported it, was to be fair, honest, above question and completely ethical. Well, we were lying through our teeth. A sample of the full actual evaluation is as follows:

The History of Everything: Professor Vane Sarafian. This course taught in a 3 week intensive seminar is typical of the history department's in name, inept and illogical course offerings. The course provides the history of everything including anecdotes such as "In order that the Armenian cavalry might eat while on the run, the soldiers would cut chunks of flesh for their horses to munch." But marajana

users beware, for Dr. Sarafian has stated that anyone abusing the evil weed does not have the mental capabilities required to take this course.

Transcendental Sociology: Professor Gary Castanino. This course takes deviation from the norm according to the teachings of the combined philosophies of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and Yogi Berra. Unfortunately, Mr. Castanino has not been formally indoctrinated into the philosophies of either man. He also received his A.B. from this university, thus we offer no further evidence of the lack of substance this course contains.

Managerial-Embezzlement: Lee-Sutherland. A real sleeper of a course. Rarely, if ever, referring to his notes, using his memory alone, Sutherland is a

veritable fountain of knowledge on this subject. A true wit with a "kinky" personality, one rarely sees a bored expression during a Sutherland lecture. In fact you rarely see any faces during a Sutherland lecture. The course itself is truly informational and a must for anyone planning a career in the managerial field.

Unbiased Writing in Newspaper Journalism: Dr. Richard S. Carlson. This course would be most interesting to a person planning a career in the newspaper (or wallpaper) field. Certainly no elitist, Dr. Richard S. Carlson Esq. offers a superb course in Freudian scribbling, pencil sharpening, and the attainment of those neurons deemed invaluable to the serious journalist. The student will thrill to the sight of Dr. Richard S. Carlson Esq.

shrieking madly, reading passages pertaining to love and sex from various erotic works. This will enable the serious student to gleam insight into the mind of the working journalist and a back writer. **Glimpses Of A World Gone Insane 101:** Dr. Leo Lieberman. This course is offered to aid and abet students who are mentally unbalanced or who have a driving desire to attain this goal. Lieberman's motto for this course is: leave your brains in my hands. In by 10

out by 5 Psych Services, also known as "Lieberman's Laundry," guarantees to iron out rumpled wrinkles. Lieberman likes to refer to the human mind, in his whimsical way, as a "bed sheet." If you play with it, it gets soiled. As he sees it, Lieberman's job is the laundering of these "soiled bed sheets." This he does by reading newspapers in a dark room, separating his phrases with little giggles and assuming the fetal position when talking to students.

AN AUDIO-DOCUMENTARY STARRING TOM FULHAM

An Afternoon With the Publisher

(Editor's Note: Inspired by the recent Warhol Capote escapade which appeared in the March 30 issue of *Rolling Stone* (No. 132), the following is an unedited transcript of a recorded interview with Thomas A. Fulham, Publisher of the *Suffolk Journal*. Aside from his duties as Publisher, Mr. Fulham's many interests include tropical fish breeding, the history of Beacon Hill, Latin phraseology, classical music and wild women with painted lips. He also takes a fair amount of time to oversee the running of a private, co-educational, college-university law school complex known as Suffolk University, a subsidiary of Journal Publications Inc. and in that context maintained for tax purposes.

This interview was conducted on Friday, April 13 at 12:30 PM in the office of the publisher, Thomas A. Fulham.

Journal: Good afternoon, Mr. Fulham. I'd like to thank you for giving the *Journal* this time for the interview. Say, I couldn't help but notice you had lunch today downstairs in the cafeteria and that you were actually mingling with the students. Do you have any observations regarding that?

Fulham: Buuuuurrppp. Oh, fiew. That was some lunch but uh, observations, uh, well, no.

Journal: Well, moving right along, tell me what do you see as Suffolk's greatest asset?

Fulham: Before answering that question, I feel it extremely important that you keep in mind the true relevancy of that question. Any answer that I would, or at the same time, would not give, would have been carefully thought out and constructed in such a way as to reflect the buuuuurrppp perspective from which I presently view the situation and hence, make comment on it. All in all, I would say that Suffolk's greatest asset is our college seal.

Journal: What the hell are you talking about?

Fulham: You know that little circle that we have on all the Suffolk literature. It has dates on it, or I guess now it only has one date on it, or maybe we're using two dates now, I don't know. But it has those Latin words on it and that torch in the middle. I've really developed a love for that torch! Every morning when I walk in here I think of that torch and I can feel the warmth of it in my soul. You might even say I carry a torch for the torch, Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Buuuuurrppp. Ha Ha.

Journal: Tell me, where did you ever get your sense of humor?

Fulham: Well, a lot of people around here have contributed to the expansion of my sense of humor since I came aboard but I think I was most influenced by Joe Strain.

Journal: Not that Dean with the baseball hat? Come on.

Fulham: Yeah, that's him. The guy's a riot. He's the one who first told me I carried a torch for the torch, Ha Ha Ha Ha. See what I mean? A real card that Joe Strain, Ha Ha Buuuuurrppp. Excuse me.

Journal: Sure, hey, whatcha got there?

Fulham: Bourbon, my boy. Bourbon. Want a blast? Guaranteed to take the hair right off your chest, Ha Ha Ha Ha. Get it? Most people say "hair on your chest" Ha Ha Buuuuurrppp. Ha Ha. That's another one I got from Joe Strain. He's good at turning around those little words, Ha Ha.

Journal: Tell ya what, I don't drink much booze and when I do I don't start at a quarter to one on the afternoon. And I'll tell ya something else man, you are weird.

Fulham: Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Gulp Gulp Gulp Gulp. **Journal:** The last time I saw somebody do that I was in high school.

Fulham: The last time you saw somebody do what?

Journal: The last time I saw anybody drink a 12 ounce mug of hard liquor straight down

was at a golf course one night after a football game. The kid's name was Gorilla Robinson and after he finished doing what you just did he ate the glass.

Fulham: Crunch, crackle crunch crunch, Buuuuurrppp crunch.

Journal: Man, you are weird. **Fulham:** Ha Ha that's the spot, where's that other mug? Ah here it is. Solashi Gulp Gulp Gulp. Ah Hey come on, have a little booze.

Journal: Nah, I don't like booze.

Fulham: Well, what do you do for kicks?

Journal: Well, well, I er, I uh, well, I smoke one of these once in a while.

Fulham: Hey, what's that? Is that a marijuana cigarette?

Journal: You better believe it. This stuff came from a girl who got it from her cousin who's a road man with the railroad.

Fulham: Well, come on boy, come on.

Journal: Come on what?

Fulham: Come on and light that thing.

Journal: Far out. Let me get the matches here and Puff Puff.

Fulham: Puff Puff Puff Puff.

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Fulham: Puff Puff Puff Puff.

Journal: How's that grab ya man?

Fulham: Puff Puff Puff Puff.

Journal: Hey, man, quit hoggin' that joint. That's better.

Puff Puff

Fulham: Hey, man, do you have any more of that stuff with you?

Journal: Well, yeah, I uh, let's see, yeah, I got about 3 ounces here, and just scored about 10 minutes ago. I don't carry this much all the time.

Fulham: (Picking up phone) Frank, can you come in my office, oh and look, bring some people with you. High! What doya mean? What'd I mean?

Get some people together and come in here. And don't bring the Judge! (Hanging up phone) That's Frank Flannery, he's comin' over. He's the treasurer here, you know him.

Journal: Yeah, I know the dude. Puff Puff.

Fulham: Puff Puff Puff.

Journal: Hey, I think they're here.

Fulham: Okay, you be quiet and put that stuff away. I'll handle this.

Flannery: Good afternoon sir.

Sullivan: Good afternoon sir.

Strain: Good afternoon sir.

Hefron: Good afternoon sir.

Fulham: Hi there beautiful.

Ronayne: Good afternoon sir.

Fulham: Shut up, Ronayne.

Ronayne: Yes sir.

Fulham: The reason why you're all here is that the

Journal: you like the *Journal*, don't you Ronayne?

Ronayne: Love it sir, just love it.

Fulham: Glad to hear that. The reason why you're here is for an experiment regarding the use of marijuana.

We're all republishing and the *Journal* has asked us all to participate in the experiment, knowing that we are all stable and risk no danger.

I am ordering all of you to participate. Now, boy, would you like to talk them in on the experiment?

Journal: Thank you, Tom. Ha Ha. Okay, uh, yes, I would. What we are going to test today

is the tolerance level of university personnel with regards to the use of cannabis sabatina. In other words, we're going to sit here all afternoon and see just how much dope we can smoke.

Fulham: I couldn't have said it better myself. Light'er up, my boy.

Journal: Puff Puff Puff Puff.

Flannery: Puff Puff Puff Puff.

Strain: Puff Puff Puff Puff.

Hefron: Puff Puff Puff Puff.

Ronayne: Puff Puff Puff Puff.

Fulham: Easy, Ronayne, don't hog the joint.

(Editor's Note: We have been forced to omit the following two hours of tape. We refrain from using the term "edit," solely due to the fact that no words were spoken during that period. All the audio consisted of was a two hour stretch of coughing, putting, and gulping.

We recently visited the for you the interview, that is after gaining admittance to his room at Bridgewater State Hospital where he now lives.

All he kept repeating were the words, "Those cats are weird. Those cats are weird. Those cats are weird."

Therefore, until the brain of our young crusader comes back from the cleaners, we have no way of telling just what the following segment means. Mostly incoherent, you'll have to decide for yourself. So now we pick up after two hours have passed.)

Hefron: Oh, why is this happening to me, Oh Oh.

Journal: Man, you guys are weird.

Fulham: h, no, look at my fish!

Ronayne: Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha.

Sullivan: Why they're eating each other! I've never seen anything like it.

Journal: Hey, Ronayne's blowing smoke into the air hose of the fish tank. Wow, look at that!



Hefron: Where'd everybody go?

Strain: We're looking at the fish.

Fulham: I can't stand to look at my babies in that condition. Somebody take this away.

Journal: Quick everybody, before he bows out. Slurp, slurp.

Ronayne: Champ champ, slurp.

Strain: Slurp.

Hefron: Champ Champ Slurp Slurp.

Journal: Champ Champ Slurp Slurp.

Journal: Okay man, it's all right, your babies are gone.

Fulham: aha hahahaha hahahaha hahahaha hahahaha.

Sullivan: Now where were we.

Hefron: Oh, I don't know, please no.

Journal: Gasp, I'm standing out in the hall, I can still hear them in the background. I've never seen anything like it. They've flipped, I've flipped, but I know I'll be found out, I'm gonna go for help. I think I was the acid that got us. We should have all just settled for one bit. But no, someone wanted three. And now there are shards crawling on my shoes, bats hanging from each of my fingers, my tongue feels like aluminum foil, and every time I try to talk, all that comes out of my mouth is the sound of a telephone ringing. And now there's a cow tied to my tape recorder with an orange piece of hose around 40 feet long. And there's ants coming out of the hose. But those crazies in there, they'll never be discovered, they'll just keep on going and I, I, I, I, I, ring ring ring, flap, flap, flap, moo, moo, moo, ring, flap, moo, ring, flap, moo, I, Bong, Hey Diddle Deeele, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon, the little dog laughed to see such sport, and the dish ran away with the spoon.

EDITORIAL

The Journal would like to take this opportunity to condemn the administration of this school for a serious oversight that they have allowed to grow into a crisis situation. There are no pencil sharpeners in this school. Are you shocked, dismayed, or even horrified? Well, you should be!

This problem has bothered us for quite a while. In fact many members of the Journal staff have been forced to miss numerous classes because of their lack of a writing implement.

Most people will probably laugh when they hear about this critical matter, saying, "Those people are loose as a goose. Who the hell cares if we have pencil sharpeners or not?" The Journal feels that this type of attitude is typical of the student who would rather go out and get "loaded" on a Saturday night instead of paying attention to the important things in his or her life such as education.

It's time we confronted the administration with consciousness-raising matters of this type. It's time we left frivolous issues such as faculty evaluation behind and concentrated on the "heavy" stuff. After all, how could you fill out a faculty evaluation sheet with a pencil with a broken tip?

SPORTS LAUGH

BEAVER HUNT

Suffolk University's Jock Shop today announced its first annual "Intramural Beaver Hunt." Over 120 students in cluding over 25 young, nubile, and attractive ladies, are anxiously awaiting to enter the circle of champions.

According to Mr. Nelson, head of intramurals, these games will be played on the Boston Common beginning at 3:15 each afternoon. State game laws specify that all beavers must be at least 10 inches in length and have a full coat.

The Journal staff questioned Nelson on the availability of the furry little creatures in and about the Boston Common area. To this Nelson would reply only, "You're just splitting hairs."

With the good weather just arriving, what better way is there to get a beautiful suntan and enjoy some of the best beaver around.

CA-CA CASUALTY

Late last week, the three winners of Suffolk's Intramural Obstacle Course Running Event were announced. A course of "Doggy doo" was laid out in strategic places in Ridgeway Lane for the contestants who were required to run barefoot and at full tilt

through the course without soiling either of their feet. The winner of the event made it through the course in two minutes flat and came out smelling like a rose. His feet were inspected and officially pronounced unsoiled by course director James Obie Peterson. Peterson, who has his nose trained for such an event, is reputed to be able to smell "doggy doo" as he calls it at a distance of twenty-five feet. The winners were Lightfoot Louie Pendleton, Joe "The Snake" Lipchick and Helen "Swivel Hips" Pristinele.

There was one injury when one contestant hit the dirt after failing to negotiate a particularly slippery section of the course.

FAN FRAUD UNEARTHED

Journal investigators today revealed that Student LIFE funds were diverted into athletic department coffers. The mislaid funds were allegedly funneled to Mouldy Knoll Cemetery. The cemetery then provided Suffolk's athletic department with "stiffs" for use at Suffolk basketball games. According to a reliable source, the "stiffs" were made up, propped up with splints and nailed to the seats at the games, while tape recorders played loud cheering noises in the background.

The play was revealed when a fire alarm was accidentally set off and sent everyone

Editor: I'll sue! One more word, and I swear, I'll sue!

Dr. Norman B. Floyd
Chairman, Pro-Tem
S.U. History Dept.

Editor: I'm interested in getting some student feedback to the idea of a "Night At The Bowling Alley With Suffolk University." A friend of mine has cousin who knows a guy who once worked at a bowling alley on the North Shore. So, we have an "in." Let me know the reaction and I'll go ahead with the plans for what should be a

fun evening for Trustees, Administrators, Staff, Faculty, Students, and their families.

James O. Peterson
Director of Student Activities

Editor: I'm black and I'm proud. So there!

William L. Hannah
Judge John E. Fenton
Chairman
S.U. Board of Trustees

Editor: Please find enclosed a resume of my professional background and related activities to date. I am hopeful that you will consider me for a position on your staff as my present job situation is getting nowhere fast. I trust you will keep this application in con-
fidence

Louis B. Conelly
Director of Public Relations
Suffolk University

Mr. Connelly: Sorry Lou, but we just had to print this "Happy job hunting!"

We do have one opening in circulation. Your job will be to tabulate the amount of money we take in from our news stand sales. If you're interested, drop by.

The editors: See what'd I tell you? Hun? What'd I tell you? I told you this was going to happen if you didn't watch out. But no, you wouldn't listen, would you? I knew how to swear. I'd write a dirty word. That'd fix you.

Malcolm Barach
Former Journal Advisor
Journalism Chairman

Correspondence to:
M. Barach
Box 8
Amy's Tourist Haven

Mr. Barach: The way we looked at it, "nothing ventured nothing gained."

The editors: Let me explain.

Richard Goulet
Editor: This is to all the people who've hurt me and laughed at me during all these years. All the time I knew I'd make it, and I have. I'm at the top of the pile, in full view of the world, an example to my peers, a trend-setter in a new era of higher education. And regardless of all the stories of me and Frank Perdue's chickens, I'm so happy I could bust.

Michael R. Ronayne
Dean of the College of Liberal Arts

Editor: I've recently received word from a number of reliable sources (all of whom shall remain anonymous) that the

sick staff of your newspaper is in the process of publishing what you have so casually labeled a "parody" edition.

I've received word as to what this publication will include, how it will transgress the guidelines of all social propriety, how it will include only the most vicious of racial slurs, and how it will offend and degrade the reputations of many fine persons.

What I ask is: When will you have had enough? Is nothing sacred within the range of your wretched souls and corrupt minds? I enjoy a good laugh now and then, I even like a few shots once in a while. I'm no deadbeat, but what you are planning is sick, sick, sick, sick.

Gleason L. Archer
Founder of S.U.

Editor: I write that letter about the bowling night. Remember now? And I was thinking, we could all meet back here for something afterwards. Maybe we could break up into little groups and talk about bowling or we could just sort of hang around and drink some punch and eat donuts. You know, talk and get to know each other. Well, let me know how the idea goes over. Thanks a lot for hearing me out about this. I'm trying to make Suffolk more fun and anyone who has any ideas, about anything, should come down right away and talk to me about them. Now I'm no drug expert or family counselor but there are things that I know about and things my mother knows about and things we have both learned and we can all just sort of sit around and hash all these things out maybe, over dinner at my mother's house or maybe over dinner at your mother's house. And you know, we'll talk and "rap" a little and see what we can do. I can't wait TO GO BOWLING.

Jim Peterson
Writer of First Letter
which I signed James O. Peterson and which is still the same person.

Director of Student Activities.

Editor: Lmsnaxh kotry wghbda ty opuh tothru qwdsaw jubvng??!! \$89

Hellen Keller
Editor: I loved that one about Fenton. Ha Ha Ha. Got any more?

Brad Sullivan
Dean of Students

Brad: Watch out for the Judge. He who giveth can taketh away and you might be back proctoring exams in high school.

The editors

COACH HONORED



Coach Chucky Law

by Charles Law
The Suffolk University Athletic Department announced its coach of the year today when the athletic director named head basketball mentor Chucky Law as this year's recipient of the award.

When contacted for their comments, members of the basketball team showed their high regard for their coach by making such statements as, "So what."

"It was a tough choice," said athletic director Charles Law. "But I was very pleased with our final decision. This makes the 28th consecutive year that Chuck received the award."

Captor

Continued from Page 1

well. Banks relaid the story of the capture. He stated that he had become suspicious when he removed a wad of bubble gum from the door jamb of the SGA office. He dismissed the incident as something done by those "goddamn kids."

Upon entering the offices of SGA, Banks saw E. Howard Peterson on his knees crawling under one of the desks. Suddenly Peterson began to shout, "Hey Sully, what should I do now?" From the other room Sullivan replied, "Why don't you drop dead, you little creep."

Peterson then began to whimper and moan which caused Sullivan to emerge from the other room. His face paled when he saw Banks standing there with his boys. He attempted to expose the microfilm in the little camera he was holding, but Banks grabbed the camera and in the process pulled off the phony

beard that Sullivan was wearing.

When that happened, Sullivan knew the jig was over. He kicked Peterson as a very sensitive spot when Peterson began babbling about "telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

The four Trustee members all fell to their knees and began saying the rosary as soon as they saw Banks. They refused to say anything to anyone and waived the right to a phone call but asked instead if they could go to confession at the Paulist Center on Park Street. One of

them later said that they had been promised free-memorial Masses and plenary indulgences if they helped in the break-in.

Banks also said, the men all seemed to view their conduct as morally justifiable and not criminal. They couldn't understand why I was calling the police. They thought that they were right in doing the deed.

Saying that he would "do it all over again," Banks expressed scorn for those involved in the break-in, stating that it was the "most bush-league attempt" he had ever seen.

Join Phi Alpha Tau

"The Communications Frat that nobody's heard of"

Just because we don't communicate, it doesn't mean we can't talk.

Suffolk Journal

Parody

A Newspaper for the Suffolk Community

Publisher Suffolk University

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STUD OF THE YEAR



For the benefit of Suffolk's male students, the Journal decided to seek out opinions and advice in an interview with Suffolk's "top stud" We asked around the cafeteria and Ridgeway Lounge. Who's the biggest stud at Suffolk? Everyone's answer was the same. Dave Kilroy, "the Ram," "the Shook," the "Midnight Mover," the sophomore government major and part time caddy.

Journal: Dave, how did you become a stud?

Dave: Practiced making out a lot.

Journal: What did you use for practice?

Dave: A chick.

Journal: What if one isn't available?

Dave: I've never had that problem.

Journal: ...everybody says you can make it with anybody.

Dave: I've never been turned down since I made my first move at the age of 8 in the alley between Guy's Smoke Shop and Marlene's Cafe.

Journal: How do you manage to get all these groovy girls?

Dave: Well, it's easy now because I've established my reputation as a stud and any chick that goes out with me knows what I'm looking for. But if you're a guy just startin' out, you gotta use the techniques.

Journal: That's what we want to know, Dave, the techniques.

Dave: Well, it all comes kinda natural to me, but the most important thing is that you always gotta be sincere with the chick. Even if you gotta lay a load of bull on her. You have to look great like I do by dressing sharp, always act cool, and know all the words to "I Love Me Tonight" by Tom Jones.

Journal: What's the first thing you do when you spot a chick?

Dave: I usually walk over and step on her foot, accidental like.

Journal: Accidental (on purpose you mean)?

Dave: You got the idea. Now I look'er over. Give'er the

cavalier, up an down. Sometimes, a stuck up chick'll make a face or stick her tongue out at me. That's when I turn it on and just stand there real cool and undress her with my eyes.

Journal: You mean "all the way"?

Dave: Naw, just down to her underwear, after all you don't want to scare her off. Now she's all set for me to make my move.

Journal: You mean that's when you ask her for a date?

Dave: No, that's when I start combing my hair. Then if I wanna get down to business I ask'er the big question right to'er face.

Journal: Wow! Right to her face?

Dave: Yea, I ask'er what sorority she belongs to. If she belongs to Phi Zappa Krappa you're out of luck. But if she's a Gimme Delta Delta she can probably stay out after nine o'clock without permission on a school night. A chick like that does what she wants and she's probably a hot number.

Journal: Wow!

Dave: You said it. Best of all are the chicks who don't belong to sororities, the ones that look like hippies, you know, they believe in free love in every thing.

Journal: Then?

Dave: They usually smoke drugs, but if you don't mind that you're in like Flynn.

Journal: In the bin?

Dave: It's a sin.

Journal: The shape you're in.

Dave: In where?

Journal: Between your sneakers. But seriously Dave, after you start making out what do you do then?

Dave: I got the kneecap. A lotta times they're so excited they don't realize what's happening. But you always gotta have a comeback if they tell you to "kiss off." I usually say "Gee whiz, I didn't know what I was doin'." Just say that real sincere like and you're all set.

Journal: Do you get a lot of bare kneecaps?

Dave: Hell yeh! Almost always. I've got a special routine for it.

Journal: What's that?

Dave: It's a trade secret.

Journal: Come on.

Dave: OK, OK. When you're drivin' a chick home, you stop someplace dark and she'll probably say "Why did you stop?"

Journal: Hey, boudits like you know my chick.

Dave: What's her name?

Journal: Mar. Uh, you wouldn't know her anyway. So what do you do now?

Dave: I usually tell her not to worry 'cause I know she's a good girl. They all hate to be called a "good girl" and pretty soon she's trying to prove she ain't.

Journal: That usually works huh?

Dave: eh, but sometimes though, a chick will say "Gee Dave, you're so wonderful and everything I'd love to kiss you, but I wouldn't trust myself once we got started."

Journal: You actually had girls say that to you?

Dave: Sure. I usually put on an innocent face and tell them not to worry, 'cause I'm going to law school and I can't mess around talkin' law school relaxes them, then while you're talking about how you're gonna be a lawyer you start in on'er and you're on your way.

Journal: What other techniques have you used?

Dave: One of my favorites is tellin' a chick that you're thinkin' about becomin' a priest but you wanna see if you're cut out for it. Then you tell'er that she's a "test date" so you can see if you can control yourself. CAUSE IF YOU CAN CONTROL YOURSELF WITH HER, YOU CAN CONTROL YOURSELF WITH ANYBODY. Then the more you don't try anything the more she begins to worry that she's irresistible and sooner or later she'll be all over you.

Journal: Notthin' better.

Dave: Notthin' sweeter.

Will someone please come to my movies? I'm very perturbed.

Jim RL6

BEATLE MEDLEY

Thomas Fulham's Faint of Hearts Club Band

Just a few short years ago today,
Thomas Fulham got the clan to play
They'd been going in and out of style
But were guaranteed to raise a smile
So let's reintroduce to you
The act they've blown for all these years,
Thomas Fulham's Faint of Hearts Club Band.

We're Thomas Fulham's Faint of Hearts Club Band,
The faculty at Suffolk U.
Thomas Fulham's Faint of Hearts Club Band
Just watch what we're about to do,
Thomas Fulham's Faint of Hearts Club Band,
Thomas Fulham's Faint of Hearts Club Band.

It's wonderful to be here,
It's certainly a thrill
You've such a bush league SGA
We'll slip one past them anytime
Right underneath their nose!

We almost didn't go along
Even when the students felt quite strong
We'll forget amidst this stupid sham
That evaluation's near at hand
So let us really prove to you
How to con you all in EPC
With Thomas Fulham's Faint of Hearts Club Band.

For the Benefit of

For the benefit of those who might
Enjoy three F's most any night
There's History

The Frosh & Sophs will all be there
Late of Dr. Garni's chair - from 10 to 3

Over men and horses hoops and garters
Lastly through a hoghead of real fire!
In this way Dr. H will hand you A.

The most outdated Dr. H
Performs his feat most any day in 6-1-8.

The Frosh & Sophs will piss and moan
When Dr. H begins his drone - don't be late
Dr. S. Ed and Vane assure their students
Their low gradings will be second to none,
And of course Norman B. Floyd isn't a slouch.

Your odds are set at 10 to 6
When Dr. H begins his tricks with final marks.
And Norman Floyd will demonstrate
How low a grade can really rate
Watch the sparks.

Having been 10 years in preparation
A bumper is assured for one and all.

And of course Chuck Farley is getting his fill.

DO I READ THE SUFFOLK JOURNAL??



WHAT THE HELL IS THE SUFFOLK JOURNAL??



NEW ADMISSION POLICIES

Suffolk University, in attempting to become Harvard University's little sister, today announced new admission procedures. Deep seated fears that Suffolk is "sub standard" and/or "bush" led the Board of Trustees to formulate broad far reaching reforms in the admission policies of the University.

Director of Admissions William Goldfinch announced at a press conference that the entire method of selecting Suffolk students will be revised and up dated to get Suffolk "in the groove with the biggies." It is assumed that biggies refers to the Ivy League schools in the Boston area.

Trembling with excitement, Goldfinch unveiled the new plans

and proceeded to spell out the step by step process that will lift Suffolk out of its lowly place and shoot it up the educational ladder to fame and world wide renown.

The plan calls for students entering Suffolk to be reprogrammed to fit the percentile requirements set up by the University. The percentile scale was developed by a committee of administrators who slunk around Harvard and other big schools inspecting the student body.

The percentile scale breaks down like this: 50 percent of Suffolk's student body would be comprised of the "Ivy League Type." These people would be distinguished by their ever

present three piece Brooks Brothers Suits that would be required attire at all times. Black wing tips and a black attache case would also be required. The trademark of this group would be a strong feeling of upward mobility and the good scene to always remain within the system. Even if the system doesn't remain within you.

10 percent of the student body would be made up of "Hippie Types." These people would wear faded jeans, love beads, sandals or the option of bare feet (all year round), and other modes of dress worn only by hippies. The Hippie Type person would be required to indulge in some form of a) ingestion of dope, b) free love, c) body lice, (public or other), d) protest against the status quo, e) weird Eastern religion, f) sexual perversion.

In addition to the above rules, the "Hippie Type" person would also shun bathing, studying textbooks, and the "Ivy League Type." The Hippie would provide the University with a small scale image of the larger schools in the area.

The next "type" would be the "Up and Coming Negro Type." This group would dress in neat, clean clothes bought in the reasonably priced stores in the Boston area. They would always be polite and address teachers as "Sir" or "Mam" and smile a lot to prove that negroes really do have brighter teeth. The brighter teeth would provide these "Up and Coming Negro Types" with a feeling of "Bee, I am as good as my white brother and if I try hard, he will make me equal to him." This student type will be friendly with everybody they meet. As an additional incentive these Negroes will receive absolutely free a life size full color poster of Julian Bond to hang on their walls at home.

No school worth its salt can be without the "Absent minded Intellectual Type." This group will comprise 10 percent of "The New Suffolk." They will be required to wear baggy clothes, horn rimmed glasses, and smoke bad smelling pipes a lot. For two hours each week these students will take turns pacing the corridors of the school with heavy volumes of poetry tucked under their arms. They will talk to themselves and argue in language belittling an intellectual over the merits of the existential philosophy as opposed to the nihilistic theories found in the prostitution of Western philosophic thinking. These people will avoid all other types, not out of dislike but rather due to inability to communicate with people of lesser intelligence.

The Committee investigating the Admission revisions suggested that people of Jewish origin would lend themselves to this "type" rather well. The all Catholic committee would not give their reasons for this suggestion.

The next 10 percent of the student body would consist of the "Nice, Middle Class Girl Going To College To Find A Husband Type." These girls would serve to keep the "Ivy League Type" male in line. They would provide an excellent outlet for the sexual needs of the "Ivy League Type" without hindering that "type" in his never ending quest for bigger and better things. These girls would encourage and serve the Ivy Leaguers in every way necessary. They would be required to dress stylishly and with constant good taste. Women's liberation would be the foulest concept imaginable to these charming lassies. Bras would be mandatory as would be panty hose and panties. The only place where

these items could be removed would be in the privacy of home, dorm grassy knoll, or back seat of a car, preferably a late model Ford or European sports car. These ladies would be required to cater to the whims and tastes of the "Ivy League Types" in every possible way. They would avoid the "Up and Coming Negro Type" because they still would believe the myth of the "savage black rape instinct." They would also shun the "Intellectual Type" because these girls know that their power lies in their bodies and not in their minds.

The next category is one that the Committee felt Suffolk already has an abundance of. This is the "White Middle Class Type." These kids now make up 30.90 percent of Suffolk's student body, according to the Committee that proposed the Admission revisions.

In dealing with the "White, Middle Class Types," the committee felt that the percent should be reduced to 5 percent. This 5 percent would be groomed and tailored to fit the image set by the "big name schools." The other people now in the "White Middle Class" groups would have to alter their lifestyles to fit in some other group. One committee member who refused to be identified stated that "some white kids could get black shoe polish." He was hopefully making a joke and he didn't say what the "kids" would do with the shoe polish.

The "White Middle Class Type" would dress in simple clothes that reflect their plain, common tastes. Blue slacks and banion jerseys would be the requirement and the students in this "class" could choose between white tennis sneakers or brown penny loafers. They would indulge in the consumption of large quantities of beer (The Committee suggested either Budweiser or Schlitz).

They could date the "Nice, Middle Class Girl Going To College To Find A Husband Type" only if they displayed the "proper" amount of "class transcendence."

These "types" would constitute the bulk of the fraternities as they enjoy that sort of "sophomoric brotherhood."

It was with much pride that the committee announced the composition of the final 5 percent. This group was subdivided into five fringe groups. This deployment of that 5 percent would, in the eyes of the committee, put Suffolk "one cut above all the other schools in the area."

One percent would be composed of Puerto Ricans, a brand new group to higher education. One committee member said that this group has been avoided in the past due to their "total lack of manners, demeanor, and social taste." He also muttered something about "they can't keep their hands off the white girls." This "type" would provide the University with a unique, distinctive atmosphere unparalleled in higher education. All members of this "type" would be searched before being allowed on University property. This preventative measure was taken by the committee to eliminate any chance of "muggings, slabbings, or other acts that defy good taste and proper moral conduct."

The committee suggested that once a year the school could have a "Puerto Rican Day" complete with such activities as "a switchblade olympics, an event featuring arson fornication, and a Black Market stall (in one of the Men's rest rooms). The committee stated that this would provide for the "release of natural Puerto Rican habits and tendencies."

The second 1 percent group

would be the "Bad Assed Nigger Type." This group is considered a necessary element of any "big league campus." This group would be required to wear "afros" that flare out at least five inches from the skull" (the "Bad Assed Nigger Types" at Harvard all have "afros" at least four inches from the skull. Official Committee Report.)

The "Bad Assed Nigger Type" would also wear dashikes and sandals. According to the committee, "these colorful monkey suits would be covered with Black Power slogans and symbols." The Committee had also suggested that this "type" be required to wear "gold rings through their noses" but that was eliminated because some Committee members "felt that it was a bit much." This "type" would prow the corridors of the University and pitch pennies out in Ridgeway Lane. Whenever dignitaries spoke at Suffolk this "type" person would be displayed prominently. They would scorn the "Up and Coming Negro Type" as "honkie lover" and "uncle Tom."

Many members of the University expressed fears for the "Nice, Middle Class Girl Going To College To Find A Husband Type" with what they described as "crazy niggers" prowling about the campus. They felt that the "rape instinct" would be too powerful for those "untrained African savages" to control. One committee suggested that the University buy several dozen bloodhounds and attack dogs in case "things get out of hand."

In keeping with the times, the committee felt that another one percent should be comprised of the "Good Indian Type." They stressed the fact that they didn't want any "redskins" like the ones out of "John Wayne movies" or at Wounded Knee. These Indians would wear blue denim work clothes with vague odor of horse dung (for ethnic flavor and authenticity). Once a year these "Good Indian Types" could do tribal dances providing they don't take any scalp or burn down buildings, ha ha ha.

The Board of Trustees expressed a willingness to get a few "paleface missionaries" to put the "poor savages" on the right path. This generous offer was accepted and already trinkets and beads are being stockpiled to lure the "Good Indian Types" into the arms of "Our Holy Mother the Church."

The fourth 1 percent group was filled with another unique section of humanity, the "Male and Female Homosexual Type" was a hit with everyone who heard the idea. The thought of "prancing fairies" and "tattooed bull dykes" seemed to have widespread approval among all concerned. This "type" would dress in the hilt in the latest "fag styles and fashions." There was also some talk of creating a School of Hand-dressing here at Suffolk. That idea is meeting stiff opposition from the members of the Board of Trustees, most of whom are bald anyway.

The final 1 percent of the student body would be composed of "Hard Core Degenerates and Pervverts." Upon hearing of this, Dean Michael Ronayne stated that no recruitment drive is needed for this final group, as the quota is already filled by the people in RL 9 the home and stomping ground of the Suffolk Journal staff.

In their final statement to the press, the Committee To Resolve Suffolk's Inferiority Complex said that their plan would create a "New Suffolk University" and "it would make Harvard and all the other places like the look sick and very, very inferior."



WANTED: Will anyone who has the knowledge of the whereabouts of this woman (or one like her) contact Tau Kappa Epsilon

